THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

FIFTEENTH YEAR. | HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899. | NUMBER 28.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

$1.00 PER YEAR, Always in Advance.

FROM TENS TO BILLIONS.

The Reason Why Everybody Should Not Be Buried in His Own Gold.

The New-Yorker always declines to buy a gold brick when it is offered to him; he hears with pity and contempt, which amount almost to incredulity, of a man from the interior buying one he wonders if the world will never grow one bit wiser, and he chuckles—if he is not already tired of chuckling—at the perspicacity that seems so simple a thing in himself and yet so hard for others, which makes it impossible that anybody should ever get an inch ahead of him in any financial operation. The next minute his eye falls on an advertisement in a paper in which the advertiser says: "Give me $100 and in six months I will hand you back an independent fortune." This is no gold brick. This is business, because it talks about percentages, and the New-Yorker goes to the advertiser, finds that he has hired a desk for a month in a big office building, and is thereby proved to be a business man of solidity and standing, and he thereupon begs him to accept his $100 as any investor in his senses would. The only reason why everybody does not do it is that everybody does not see the advertisement. If trustfulness is a virtue, heaven ought to come to New York, for it would be easier than moving all New York to heaven.

It might be supposed that the exposure of the Franklin Syndicate would lead persons who have from $10 to $100 on hand to be a more careful of it; but the managers of such investment shops do not seem to think so. Since the exposure of that swindle the papers which print advertisements of such things have been no less filled with them than usual. Eight such advertisements are before the writer at the present moment. The most interesting of them says that $25 deposited with the advertiser will amount in three months to $221.40, in six months to $734.10, and in a year to $2,174.90.

It is usually supposed that more proportionately can be done with a large sum than with a small sum, but that is not the case with this concern. For it will be noted that in the first three months in which a sum of money is left on deposit, it amounts to more than thirteen times itself, that in the next three months it only a little more than doubles, and that in the next six months it does not quite double. It will occur to anybody who is acute enough to invest his money in that way that the judicious course is to draw it all out after each three months and put it back again as a new deposit. Thus the sum will be multiplied by thirteen every three months, and a little calculation will assure anybody as to about how long it will take him at that rate to own the earth literally.

But it may be that the advertiser cannot handle such large sums as he will have on his hands, so it might be better for the investor to expect a little less. Suppose, for instance, that the sum invested doubles only once in three months after the first year. That would be a pitiful sort of investment, truly, but suppose that was all. Then, starting with the $2,174.90 which the advertisement promises at the end of the first year, after five years more the investor of the original $25 would have something more than $2,097,000,000. This is only a rough estimate and is well under the mark, but, as the reader, when he gets this, will have many times as large a fortune as anybody ever had in the world, he surely will not be particular about the few odd million dollars and cents.

The most of the other advertisements are as entertaining in their way as this one, but this is the most explicit. Along at the end comes trailing an advertisement of somebody who says that you can learn a trade in 10 days which will bring you in $25 a day for the rest of your life. But why should you bother with that? When you get your $2,007,000,000 you will, if you are sensible, invest it in some ordinary way at about 3 per cent to save your brain from being overwhelmed by your own wealth. You will then have an assured income of over $1,000,000 a week, and why should you work at a trade all your life, for the sake of adding $25 a day to that?



Mrs. Judge Peck

DR. J. F. SIMON,

Of Louisville, Ky.

Will be at Campton on Monday, the 18th Inst., Remain Four Days.



It is my specialty to fit glasses in such a manner that they receive the eyestrain perfectly; fitting the eye with spectacles that you can see with ease and comfort, thus preserving the eye. In examining the eye only the latest and most improved methods and instruments are used.

Physicians especially are invited to call and investigate my methods of correcting errors of refraction. Many cases of headache, neuralgia, nervousness, irritability, insomnia, vertigo, nervous prostration and the seeming stupidity of children are often due to defective vision caused by an abnormal curvature of the cornea or crystalline lens or to an irregularity of the refracting media of the eye, and are relieved at once upon the application of the proper glasses. Ninety per cent. of the people over 40 years of age need glasses, and 50 per cent. of the 90 need them for distance.

Glasses are not always given to improve eyesight, but to relieve undue strains; in short to assist nature. Thousands of eyes are ruined yearly. Seven persons out of ten have neither eyes alike, and one out of 20. Astigmatism; hence the necessity of testing each eye separately. Special attention is given to any inequality that may exist between the refraction of the eye.

Optical science has made rapid advances within the last few years, the correct adaption of spectacles has become a distinct profession. The optician who thoroughly understands his business realizes fully that in adjusting glasses for his customers he is treating with a most delicate and precious organ, where the slightest error may result seriously, while if he does his work well, he not only gives comfort and ease to his patrons, but in many instances restores the sight.

Special care should be taken in selecting the first pair of spectacles, nor should it be attempted without the aid of responsible optician. It is most important that the lenses should be accurately centered and of the best quality, and the frames so made that the wearer looks directly through the center. Glasses nicely fitted to the face become an ornament as well as a necessity.

Fitting children with spectacles a specialty.

Parents, do not neglect your children's eyes.

Difficult cases solicited.

All questions in regard to the eyes cheerfully answered.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.

Office hours from 7½ a. m. to 3½ p. m., at Combs House, Campton.

App Perry, who killed Paris Carroll at Morehead some time ago, had an examining trial on last Thursday and was held to answer without bond. He was taken to Mt. Sterling and placed in jail for safe keeping.

Send in your Christmas ads. for next issue.

NEARLY A MILLION

Found By the Charwoman as She Swept the Treasury Building.

In 1832 Sophie Holmes was employed by General Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States, as a temporary charwoman. She was assigned to the rooms of the issue division to sweep and dust. One afternoon, in April of that year, Aunt Sophia was hard at work sweeping and scrubbing the floors when she came across a large bundle, which she supposed was waste paper, and was in the act of throwing it in the basket to be burned, when she decided to investigate it. She was amazed and almost frightened out of her wits to discover several dozen rolls of one thousand dollar bills, $700,000 in all. By some unexplainable mistake this package of money was overlooked, and even when the accounts were balanced in the evening, it was not missed, and General Spinner, believing all to be secure, had locked the safe, and gone out with an easy conscience.

Aunt Sophie, on finding all of this wealth unguarded, decided to remain in the room until some one with authority to accept the money should arrive. So, to ally all suspicion, she pretended to be working very hard, but always remained near the money. She was afraid to leave the bundle to seek General Spinner, and not knowing the guard, she thought it best not to trust him with he secret. She thought of going out and carrying the bundle of money with her; then it occurred to her that the guard, not knowing her, might examine the package, and on finding its valuable contents, either kill her and escape with the wealth or suspect her of theft. There seemed but one thing for her to do, to stay and guard the fortune with her life if necessary.

About 6 o'clock one of the guards entered the room and on finding Aunt Sophie still there asked:

"Still at work?"

Aunt Sophie began to sweep with all of her might and main. "Yes," she answered, "but I'll soon be through," and she made such a dust that the watchman was only too glad to escape. She swept the dust and dirt into a pile, and then scattered it over the floor again, in an effort to appear to be very busy. No more watchman disturbed her, and finally, out of sheer exhaustion, she sat down to rest, and soon dropped asleep.

About midnight she awoke, hearing a noise in the hall. She was frightened, and rising, she groped her way to the spot where she had hidden the money, wedging it in between two desks. Then she seated herself on it, determined to stay there till General Spinner, who slept in the building should arrive. In this cramped position she slept until 4 o'clock in the morning, when she heard a soft footfall in the hall, and listening, she thought she recognized the step of General Spinner. In a trembling voice she called his name.

General Spinner was known as the "watchdong of the Treasury," a name given him from the fact that he had a habit of wandering through the building at all hours of the night to see that everything was all right. In the silence and darkness of the night this low, trembling voice of a woman frightened the General, although he was not an acknowledged believer in ghosts. On discovering Aunt Sophie wedged in between two desks, his fright was turned into surprise. The relief from the responsibility almost unnerved Aunt Sophie, and she began to cry. She could not explain the situation, only murmuring, "Oh, General Spinner, don't go, don't go."

Finally, when she had become quieted and could tell her story, and investigation proved it to be correct, the truth dawned upon the General, and it is said that he swore black and blue at everything in, about, and near the treasury. Not until he had relieved himself in this manner for nearly an hour did he allow Aunt Sophie to go home. The money was finally locked up in his private safe, to await the next day's investigation. Several days later Aunt Sophie was sent for and complimented for her faithfulness, and as a token of gratitude was given a life appointment.—Washington Post.

Next—Senator Quay.

Public sentiment has caused congress to ignore precedent in Roberts' case. Will respect for decency force the senate to follow precedent in the case of Quay?

Roberts was elected legally. There is no question about that, but his multiplicity of wives is an offense against public opinion which congress could not condone.

Quay was not elected at all, but was appointed illegally by Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, against the wishes of a majority of his own party.

But Quay is a machine republican, and the chances are that the senate will ignore precedent and allow this boodler to take a seat in the upper house, which is not his by any rules of law or justice.

If Hanna could break into the senate of the United States with charges of bribery and corruption against him the probability is that Quay will be able to do the same thing, although the case against Quay is stronger than that against Hanna.

It will be a disgrace to the upper house if Quay is seated, but the senators have become used to that sort of thing since McKinley has been president, and political pull may result in seating a man who has not been elected and who is branded by his own party as a bribe-giver and a speculator on legislation.—Chicago Democrat.

A Preacher and a Saloonkeeper Fought Five Lively Rounds.

Rev. J. Axtell, a Congregational preacher, and Gus Dondero, a saloonkeeper, fought five rounds at Royal Oak, Mich., to settle a controversy that grew out of a crusade against selling beer on Sunday.

The battle continued for five rounds, the preacher, who was an athlete at college, pounding the saloonkeeper all over the ring, but the referee decided it a draw. Another battle will be fought in the near future.

The reverend gentleman was seen at his home and said that he was told that there was movement on foot to drive him out of town if he did not prove his ability as a boxer, so rather than show the white feather he consented to meet Dondero in a respectable way. Then, to quote Mr. Axtell: "The result of it was that I finally gave them satisfaction. I think I am the better man with the gloves. I am satisfied with the showing I made Saturday night, handicapped as I was in the matter of weight."

Rev. Axtell filled his pulpit the following Sunday just as nothing had happened.

Col. Bryan has made more than $60,000 out of his books, and W. B. Conkey, of Chicago, has invested that sum in 4 per cent bonds of the United States, which are registered in Mrs. Bryan's name, and will give her a perpetual annuity of $2,000 a year, which she thinks is sufficient for her needs.

The Memphis Scimitar says "a hundred thousand gallons of rum and one missionary constituted a cargo bound for South Africa lately." What office does the missionary intend to run for?

The new cotton mills that are being erected in the southern states is causing considerable uneasiness in New England.

The annual report of the state railroad commission shows the total valuation of railroad property in this state to be $46,403,918, an increase of $368,305 over last year.

Job work done at this office.

THE KELLAM CANCER, MEDICAL & SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

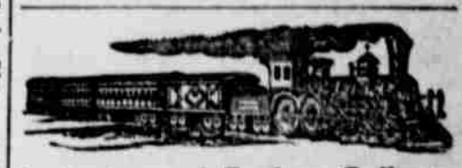
WE GUARANTEE PERMANENT CURES without the use of the knife in CANCER and all CHRONIC SORES. No money to be paid until patients are cured. Our Medical and Surgical Departments are second to none, being composed of a corps of first-class Physicians.

All examinations free.

We treat no patients outside the hospital.

FRANK G. KELLAM. F. C. KELLAM,
HARRY KELLAM. General Manager.

HINTON, W. VA.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 21, 1899.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday	No. 2, Daily ex. Sunday.
	A.M. Lve.	P.M. Lve.
Lexington ...	7 45 am	2 10 pm
Avon.....	8 10 am	2 35 pm
Winchester..	8 30 am	2 55 pm
L & E Junc'n	8 45 am	3 07 pm
Indian F'lds	9 00 am	3 22 pm
Clay City.....	9 16 am	3 40 pm
Stanton.....	9 25 am	3 51 pm
Filson	9 36 am	4 04 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 30 pm
Nat. Bridge..	9 54 am	4 15 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 34 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	10 29 am	4 56 pm
Tallega.....	10 51 am	5 10 pm
Athol	10 59 am	5 28 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 00 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	6 25 am	1 20 pm
Athol	6 56 am	1 49 pm
Tallega.....	7 04 am	1 57 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	7 26 am	2 18 pm
Torrent	7 47 am	2 39 pm
Nat. Bridge..	8 03 am	2 52 pm
Dundee.....	8 08 am	2 59 pm
Filson.....	8 19 am	3 11 pm
Stanton	8 33 am	3 23 pm
Clay City.....	8 42 am	3 33 pm
Indian F'lds	8 59 am	3 48 pm
L & E Junc'n	9 16 am	4 03 pm
Winchester	9 29 am	4 15 pm
Avon.....	9 49 am	4 35 pm
Lexington...	10 15 am	5 00 pm

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt, Rothwell, Ky.

THE BEST OF THEM ALL!!

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, $3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

ME-GRIM-INE



A positive and permanent cure for me-grim (Half-Head, ache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Don't forget that you can have the Courier-Journal or Dispatch and THE HERALD one year for only $1.25 cash in advance, and besides we will send you the Farm Journal until the end of the year of 1903.

The Monetary Problem.

ROAD TO PROSPERITY.

Gold Is Insufficient as a Monetary Basis—Prices Still Down on the Old Level.

As prices are still at the same old level enforced by the gold standard during the last few years—although, if anything, the downward tendency appears to be again at work—the failure of increased supplies of gold to affect the currency discussion is apparent, and the demand for remonetization consequently rests on grounds fully as strong as obtained in 1896 and previously; for it is susceptible of exact demonstration that price levels are determined by the ratio between the money in circulation and the goods in circulation. A single article may decrease heavily in price because of improved machinery, but the resultant force set in motion imperceptibly raises the average prices of all other articles. As an example, if 1,000 articles are valued at $1,000, and an article having a value of one one-thousandth of the totality of values is lowered in price through machinery by 50 cents; if the money volume stays unaltered, and the supply of the merchandise is not permitted to increase, the isolated reduction issues in the augmentation in prices of the 999 remaining articles of from $999 to $999.50, or from an average of one dollar to an average of $1.0005 per article. Price-levels are altered no less certainly by the increase of the merchandise awaiting money measurement than by a tampering with the money volume; and it is quite conceivable—nay, probable—that the continuous reduction in general prices has been owing in considerable degree to this cause. But as it is the duty of government to furnish enough currency, so that the price-levels may fluctuate no more than is unavoidable, the demonetization of silver would be no less reprehensible, even though an intensifying pressure of merchandise upon the money volume were to be credited with the entire decrease.

Another proof that the new gold has been powerless to ameliorate is the fact that the depression of business shows no signs of abatement, while we know that there is not an historical instance of a swelling currency circulation concomitant with hard times. When money is actually becoming redundant business is sure to respond favorably. When prosperity refuses our solicitations the conclusion is indisputable that, whatever government statisticians may proclaim, whatever may be the prima facie purport of things, the money that reaches the people is nevertheless rather on the decline than contrariwise.

Horace Greeley put the matter plainly in his remarks in the "American Year-Book and Register" for 1869, saying: "The circulating medium of exchange and payments being thus insensibly drawn away and not replaced, the Roman empire languished under a growing dearth of money and a steady decline of prices. The discovery of America by Columbus, and the consequent rapid and vast increase of money, wrought a great and sudden revolution. The energies of civilized world received an unwonted stimulus and wealth was increased and comfort diffused as they never before had been."

People may rest assured that if it were really the case that the gold lately thrown on the market had restored conditions to virtually what they were in 1873, the annuitants and those who profit out of traffic in the yellow metal would emit such a corybantic chorus of disapproval as to threaten the stability of the nation's credit. They have not been silent in the past, when their interests have been more or less jeopardized.

The trouble of securing the passage of the act of 1873, through the kind officers of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Boutwell and Director Linderman — was it for naught? If, as is now maintained, gold has arrived at a point where it alone is an ample substitute for the silver cast aside over 25 years ago; and if, as is also maintained, silver was then legislated against on account of its supply being too great; is it not clear to even a superficial observer that no logical alternative remains for the defenders of the gold standard, but to begin a propaganda looking toward the demonetization of their favorite metal? Is it not clear that, in their inmost consciousness, they do not believe gold to have filled the gap formerly occupied by silver?

No guaranty or likelihood exists that for any long time gold will continue its present prolificness in yield. All history is against such an assumption. For thousands of years the precious metals have been sought out in the bowels of the earth, and, despite the scores of sporadic spurts, lacking their brief day, every such spurt, often thought sure to be permanent, has been succeeded by a relapse. To look at a few rather recent illustrations:

The production of gold, after an era of moderate figures, attained to $118,152,000 for the ten years 1801-'10; but this fell off to $76,063,000 for the ten years 1811-'30, and $94,479,000 for 1821-'30. In 1849 came the great gold discoveries and production increased to such an extent that the annual yield for the decade ending with 1860 amounted to nearly $150,000,000. This latter figure underwent a gradual diminution in the following years, until in 1874 the yield was only $90,750,000. Another increase and another falling off; and now we of the last years of the last decade of this century are wont to congratulate ourselves, in our short-sightedness and egotism, that it was reserved for us to live in a period marking that time after which gold never manifested any relapse! Fallible human nature! How constricted the horizon of each generation! For out of the vastness of eternity comes a still, small voice, that says: "Our little systems have their day; they have their day, and cease to be."

Some people possess the idea that the so-called silver forces bow down to the particular metal — silver; and that hence they are little better than fetish worshipers. That shows how ignorant the great city press has been able to keep its readers. We care nothing for any metal per se. Show us a substance which will meet all the requirements as does that white metal which, since the dawn of historic record, has been the partner of the yellow, and we will just as readily take that. There is no such substance. Gold is insufficient. Consequently, silver is our hope. If gold had been the metal operated against in 1873 those humanity-regarding men who are now united under the banner of silver would just as vociferously insist on gold receiving its rightful place under the law. They would be known as gold men. No pettifogging, no obscuring of the issue, will long prevent the American people from seeing that the thing wanted is a volume of money—white, yellow, black, or red—which shall restore to a great civilization the prosperity it deserves, and shall point out the glory-illumined pathway leading into the light it is groping for to-day.—George A. White.

An Important Fact.

There is great confusion in the minds of many people between a bimetallic standard of value and a bimetallic circulating medium. Many people think that you cannot have a bimetallic standard of value unless in each country gold and silver circulate side by side. It is quite immaterial and unimportant, as far as measuring values is concerned, whether gold and silver circulate in each nation. We can have a bimetallic standard of value without silver circulating in a gold standard country or gold circulating in a silver standard country. If one-half of the nations of the world in commercial importance were to adopt the single gold standard and not permit silver coin to circulate in those countries, and if the other one-half of the nations in commercial importance were to adopt a single silver-standard and not permit gold coin to circulate in those countries, the world nevertheless would be upon a bimetallic standard of value, because there would be an equal demand created upon an equal quantity of metals, which would produce an equal price. We can readily see that, though silver did not circulate in the gold countries, it would be doing service in another part of the world as primary money, and consequently would be relieving the strain upon gold just as much as if it circulated side by side with the gold in that gold standard country.—Illinois State Register.

A Ridiculous Cartoon.

A goldite paper recently printed a ridiculous cartoon showing two ladies on a marketing expedition, one provided with Mexican dollars worth 53 cents, and the other with American dollars worth 100 cents. The picture is surrounded by this inscription: "When is a dollar not a dollar? When it is a Mexican dollar." That inscription destroys the whole force of the cartoon, if ever it had any. The bimetallists are not proposing to coin "Mexican dollars," but those bearing the stamp of the United States, and full legal tender in every part of our broad domain. And, incidentally, it may be remarked, that if those Mexican dollars which the stupid housewife in the cartoon is taking to market were "legal tender" in the United States they would bring as much as any other dollar, and no business house would be foolish enough to refuse them. The goldites are very hard up for arguments and illustrations when they have to resort to such a ridiculous cartoon as the one we have noted in this article.—Illinois State Register.

His Little Joke.

Mrs. Stubb—John, I wonder why in the world did that man send up a watering pot with the new range. I never ordered it.

Mr. Stubb—Why, Maria, I guess he intended that for the damper.—Chicago Daily News.

CENTRAL AMERICA CONSULS.

American Representatives Tied Up by Private Interests—Necessity for Reform.

"One must live abroad for awhile, especially in some petty state," said a gentleman from Central America, "to learn the imperative necessity for reform in our minor diplomatic service. Its present condition is disgraceful—indescribably disgraceful. With a few exceptions our consuls and consular agents, and some even higher, are so tied up by their personal interests that they are perfectly useless as representatives of the government. This is peculiarly true of Central America. Legitimate, straightforward commercial methods are practically unknown to the natives of that part of the world, and to succeed in business a man must 'stand in' with the local officials. The consuls invariably engage in trade because their salaries are too miserly to afford them support, and the consequence is that they stand in continual and mortal dread of offending the powers that be. That sort of thing will squeeze all the stamina out of a thoroughly well-meaning man in an astonishingly short space of time. If he happens to be unscrupulous, as is too often the case, he will make deliberate traffic out of his consular position, and becomes to all intents and purposes the agent of a foreign power. If he is merely weak he will argue to himself that it is impossible to be fair, and he might as well make as much money as he can before a change in the administration. It all comes to about the same thing. The American citizen who thinks he is appealing to a representative of his own country finds himself in the hands of a slavish tool of the nation from which he is seeking redress. This is the exact truth, and the situation has become already unbearable. We ought to enjoy a magnificent foreign trade, but we will never do it until the whole consular system is renovated from top to bottom. When that job is undertaken there will be a scandal exposed that will startle all to the ends of the earth."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Some Coveted Scrawls.

The most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful) and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British museum, and cost over 3,000 guineas. One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Carlton House terrace, for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the archbishop of Guise. This and two other letters (one to the pope and the other to the king of France) were written by the unfortunate Queen of Scots on the morning of her execution. The letter to the French king was destroyed during the days of the terror, while that to the pope is still preserved at the Vatican. The well-known bookseller, Bernard Quaritch, gave £1,000 for an autograph of Columbus, which was exhibited at the world's fair at Chicago. A Chicago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give $100,000, or over £20,000, for a genuine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within a year of making his offer. It was a safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of Chatterton no forger has cared to tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.—Collier's Weekly.

Wedding for "Original" Folk.

For peculiar marriage customs the Negritos cannot be beaten. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs, and does not yield until he has caught her several times. Finally he leads her in triumph to her home. Here the father drags the youth up a ladder to the floor of their hut. The mother drags up the maiden. They are made to kneel, and the father pours over them a cocoanut-shell full of water. He then bumps their heads together, and the ceremony is completed. They spend their honeymoon in the depths of the mountains, and for five days and nights are lost to sight, after which they come back to everyday life. Then there is another marriage custom. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder, they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a kiss or a bump, according to the force used. This makes them man and wife.—N. Y. Press.

Transferring His Affections.

Blade—I'm surprised to hear you have broken off your engagement with that Boston girl. What was the matter?

Pigotte—I found that it was cheaper to join a library.—Puck.

The Marriageable Age.

A spinster who is still living in hope says the marriageable age is anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.—Chicago Daily News.

What Man Can Do.

What man has done man can do—but there is a great deal he ought to be ashamed to try.—Chicago Daily News.

A NEW ZEALAND VESUVIUS.

Terrible Upheaval in 1886 Which Changed the Whole Country in Six Hours.

The white terraces of Rotomahana rose up in a series of 20 platforms in the form of a gigantic stairway. Each terrace was perfectly horizontal and of dazzling whiteness. The top step was vertically 80 feet above the base and sat 300 feet back. From every platform bubbles copious clouds of steam. A stream of boiling water continually flowed from the geysers, and as it fell slowly from tier to tier the silicates with which the water was heavily charged became deposited, on its exposure to the air, and wonderful lace-work designs of infinite variety and of dazzling whiteness and purity were formed. Not far from the white terrace was another termed the "Pink Terrace," where, owing to some coloring substance in the silicious waters falling from the geysers, the deposits were of a delicate pine hue, from which was derived the name "Pink Terrace."

Unfortunately New Zealand no longer possesses this unique spectacle, for the terraces are no more. The various agencies of nature which originally built up such curious forms served in turn to destroy them. Mr. Falconer gives a graphic description of the event. He was residing at that time about 40 miles distant from Tarawera. In 1886, on June 10, the night was clear and calm. Heavy rumbling sounds like rolls of distant thunder filled the air, but there was no very great alarm. The next day dawned dull and gloomy. About 7:30 o'clock the morning grew darker and light gray ash, very fine, began to fall. He says that, although they surmised an eruption was taking place in the Hot Lake district, there were no definite tidings to that effect, so that he could only wait to see what would happen. By the aid of a lantern he succeeded in groping his way to the telegraph office, and there he learned that a serious disturbance was taking place at Tarawera and Rotomahana. About 11 o'clock the darkness lifted. All round the ground was covered with a thin, filmy pall of fine ash to the depth of half an inch, and it was afterward found that the intense darkness was caused by a thick cloud of dust blown out by the volcano to a height so tremendous that it passed above Tauranga and dispersed over the country some miles way.

The manifestation was accompanied by intense cold, the thermometer registering five degrees of frost. This is explained by the fact that the columns of steam as they came hissing out of the craters expanded as they ascended and absorbed their own heat, which became latent, so that the heat was abstracted from everything near. A day or two later the government geologist arrived at Tauranga, and preparations to inspect the seat of the disaster were pushed rapidly forward. On the fourth day after the eruption, the party arrived at Wairoa, the Maori village. There was scarcely a vestige of the settlement to be seen, the whole village had been crushed beneath volcanic lava, and the charred and battered remains of the little village church and other buildings protruded above the surface of the deposit, which at first measured four feet in thickness, but afterward settled down to half that depth. One young Englishman was killed, as well as the Maoris who lived in the district and exacted tolls from visitors to the Hot lakes. The scene was the wildest imaginable. The air rushed over the land with cyclonic fury, uprooting, tearing and breaking trees that had survived the hail of rocks, leaving here and there a gnarled and jagged trunk, denuded of branches and stripped of its bark.

The next day the party set off for Rotomahana. As they approached the hot lakes huge cracks, extending hundreds of yards in length and about a foot in width, were seen in all directions. The scene was one of the strange grandeur of absolute desolation. The upheaval of nature had blown the wonderful terraces to atoms; steam was rising in dense clouds from one end of the area to the other, a distance of about nine miles. Rotomahana lake was a yawning caldron from which rose a majestic column of steam. The ground was completely stripped of vegetation and covered with lava from the mountain. The lava was reduced to the consistency of flour, so that the explorers sank in it nearly to their knees. Thus in the space of time was North island suddenly shorn of its most peculiar natural features. In six hours the whole aspect of the country was changed, and what was one of the most beautiful spots in the world was transformed into a barren country carpeted in lava and covered with debris. The geysers, however, still abound in profusion, and it is possible in time other terraces may be formed.—Windsor Magazine.

Anything for Peace.

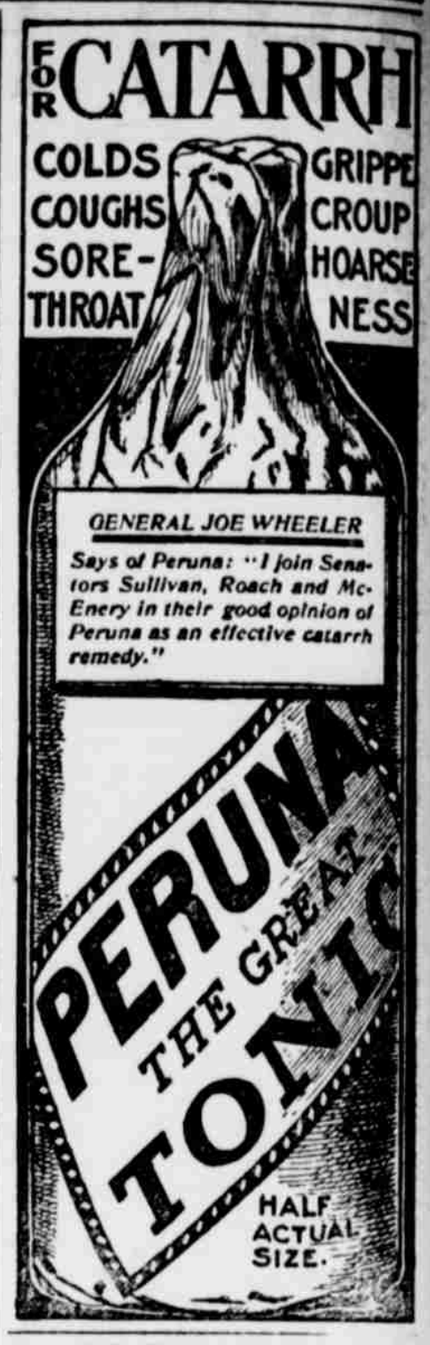
The peppery little man hopped around the famous prize fighter.

"You're a big bundle of nothing," he snarled. "I dare you to strike me."

The big prize fighter shook his head. He didn't want to run any chances of injuring himself in a barroom broil.

"You're a yellow dog," shrieked the little man.

"I'm a yellow pug," said the big man, quietly. Then he walked away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer



THE ICE MACHINE'S PART.

At Last There Has Been a New Feature Introduced Into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a new wrinkle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" theatrical companies. One of them, which is ransacking the state of New Jersey for audiences, has hit upon the device of buying a refrigerating machine and using real blocks of ice in the scene in which Eliza, pursued by a pack of barking mongrels, crosses the river carrying in her arms a stuffed doll.

The icemaking machine has proved an enormous success. At the Ridgewood opera house, where the ice machine played a few evenings ago, a frantic crowd fought its way through the doors. At the first performances the ice machine was kept in the background. Several cakes were manufactured before the performance and placed on the green baize river. They were carefully sanded on the surface, so that when Eliza made her grand dash for liberty she would not turn undignified somersaults. The ice machine, however, had been so largely advertised that yokels wanted to see it. They sat in their places after the curtain descended upon the solemn death of Little Eva and howled for the ice machine to come out and show itself. The stage manager and a couple of deck hands had to carry it down to the footlights. Then they turned the handle and, amid uproarous applause, the machine produced a cake of real ice.

Since then a part has been written in the play for the ice machine. When the river scene opens a couple of southern speculators are discovered experimenting with the machine. They produce their ice, and not having any immediate use for it turn it into the river, and it sits upon the river surface at proper intervals to accommodate Eliza's footsteps. A colored man comes out and sprinkles sand over the ice in full view of the audience.—Chicago Chronicle.

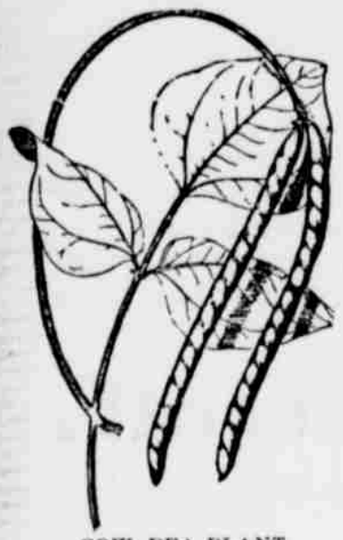




GREAT FODDER CROP.

The Cowpea, Which Has Been Steadily Growing in Favor with Western Farmers.

Herewith we illustrate the cowpea. As will be seen, it is more of a bean than a pea. Bulletin 102 of the United States department of agriculture says of it: The cowpea has been cultivated in the south for at least 150 years. It was probably first introduced on plantations in South Carolina, the seeds having been brought from India or China. From this original introduction and from subsequent importations its cultivation has spread to almost every farm and plantation in the southern



COW PEA PLANT.

states. Cowpeas are, in their relationship and habit of growth, really beans, and not peas, as the name indicates. They are annuals and are closely related to the lablab, lima and haricot beans of our gardens.

Varieties—Cowpeas occur in every gradation of habit, from a compact, stocky, upright bush having stems a foot high with very short lateral branches to those with trailing runners growing as flat upon the ground as sweet potato or melon vines, the prostrate stems 15 to 20 feet in length. The pods vary from four to six inches in length, and the peas are of every imaginable shade of white, yellow, green, pink, gray, brown, red, purple and black, of solid colors or variously mottled and speckled, and of varying sizes and forms, from large kidney-shaped to little round ones smaller than the garden pea. There is a like variation in the length of time the different forms require to ripen seed, some requiring eight or nine months, a few ripening in 60 days from the time of planting.

FACTS ABOUT HIDES.

Classification Recently Adopted by the Hide Dealers and Tanners of Chicago.

Green Hides—Hides just as they come from the animals, never having been salted.

Part Cured Hides—Hides that have been salted, but not long enough in salt to be thoroughly cured.

Green Salted Hides—Hides that have been salted long enough to be thoroughly cured.

Greep Kip—All veal skins running from 15 to 25 pounds shall be classed as veal kip. All long-haired and thin skins running from eight to 25 pounds shall be classed as runners.

Green Calf—All veal skins running from eight to 15 pounds.

Deacon Skins—All calf skins under eight pounds shall be classed as deacons.

Dry Flint Hides—Are thoroughly dry hides that have not been salted.

Dry Salted Hides—Are thoroughly dry hides having been salted while green.

Grubby Hides—Hides having one or more grubs.

All dry kip and calf shall be classed the same as hides. All hides shal' be free from salt, dirt, meat, dung, horns, tail bones and sinews; and before being weighed all such substances shall be removed, or a proper deduction made from the weight; and when the head hangs to the hide by a narrow strip, it shall be cut off; also when the head is not split in the center, it shall be made straight before being weighed.

All bull, stag, tainted, grubby, badly scarred, cut, scored, and murrain hides, both green and dry, shall be classed as glue stock. Dry hides, which are moth-eaten, sunburned or weather beaten, shall be clasesd as damaged. All kip and calf, both green and dry, shall be trimmed the same as hides, with the exception that the tail bone may be left in calf skins.

All green cured hides of 60 pounds and over shall be called heavy and all green cured hides under 60 pounds shall be called light hides. All dry hides 18 pounds and over shall be called heavy and all dry hides under 18 pounds shall be called light hides.

Ample room keeps fowls healthy with the least trouble.

SHEDS FOR MACHINERY.

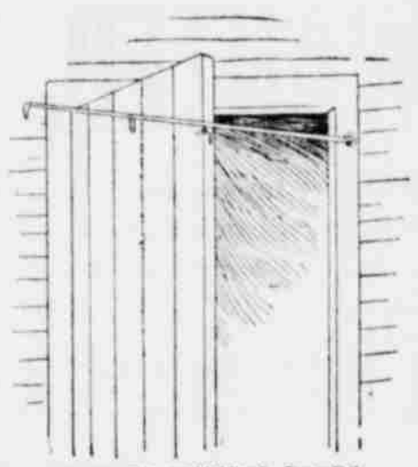
Can Be Built in Odd Hours and Out of Materials Otherwise Virtually Without Value.

It is a fact which cannot be denied that farm implements will last much longer if frequently painted and if they are protected from wet weather and the scalding sun as much as possible. The machinery will not only last much longer, but, as a rule, will do better work and will require less repairing at busy times, for if a machine is allowed to stand out in all kinds of weather there is more or less warping, shrinking and getting out of shape, causing bolts to more readily become rusty or drawn, which results in a great deal of breakage and loss, besides failing to do the work as properly as it would be done if the machine was kept in good order. All implements on the farm, from the hoe and corn knife to the harvester or header, may be housed and at very little expense. Most eastern farmers in the older settled communities, have large barns where they have more floor room than is necessary after the hay and fodder are stored away, and this space may be utilized for plows, harrows, seeders and drills. In the west, where barns are scarce, and smaller, it is not very expensive to build a large straw shed which will hold all the implements and machinery used on the farm. A shed of this kind may be made by setting three or four rows of two by six posts and placing timbers of the same size at the top for plates. Next cover over with cheap lumber and brush, together with a sufficient amount of straw to prevent any leakage. Build up a wall of straw at the sides, six or eight feet thick, except at the east side, which should be left open for the purpose of driving in. Port hay may be used in the building and will make it more durable. A shed of this kind is quite inexpensive and at the same time will adequately protect the implements from rain, snow and sun. Notwithstanding the ease with which good shelter may be obtained, there are far too many costly machines allowed to go to wreck for want of proper care. This is one of the leaks that prevents profitable farming in many localities in the great west, or at least, robs the farmer of much that he might enjoy as his own.—John F. Coulter, in Prairie Farmer.

CONTROL OF DOORS.

A Clever and Easily-Made Contrivance for Holding a Door Open at Any Point.

The illustration shows a device for holding a door open at any point, for ventilation or other purposes. A blacksmith can make this contrivance in 15



HOW TO CONTROL DOORS.

minutes, and it will be worth dollars when put in use. The rod can be attached inside the door frame if preferred. Use three-eighths inch round iron and attach high enough up so that one can walk under the rod when in use. —American Agriculturist.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Disease may lurk in that old well that has not been cleaned out for several years. Better attend to it before the doctor cleans your pocketbook out.

A few days devoted entirely to the matter of securing fuel for the winter will relieve your mind wonderfully of this job and keep the women in much better humor.

A man who cannot find pleasure in arranging and rearranging his tool sheds, stables, grain bins, etc., when other work is not pressing, or on rainy days, has but little interest in his work.

It will cost you nothing to find out all about silos if there is one within driving distance of you. Take a day off and learn all you can about them. It may be money in your pocket some day.

Cut and gather together burrs, Spanish needles, etc., on the next damp day. Pile them up and burn them as soon as they are dry enough and you will have done a work that will make you feel good for a whole year.—National Stockman.

Moderate Morning Rations.

The National Fanciers' Journal well says that "fowls which are overfed in the morning are sluggish all day and become lazy and go out of condition. It is exercise of muscle that creates proper functional tone. All birds are active by nature. If productiveness is expected, natural laws must be observed. Feed moderately in the morning, especially when the flock is small and kept in limited range."

The New Explosive.

Thorite, the new explosive, has been distinguishing itself by passing through a 4½ inch Harveyized steel plate. If its success continues, it will make as great a record for itself in the military world as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has in the medical world. So far nothing has appeared which can equal this wonderful medicine in its speedy and permanent mastery of all diseases of the stomach, liver or kidneys. It's a good remedy to try when everything else has failed.

Matter of Length.

"How long should mourning gowns be worn by a widow of 22?" was the question that came sobbing through the mails. Now it chanced to be the sporting editor's day off, and the religious editor, therefore, was attending to the Side Talks with Young Persons. "There is no hard and fast rule," wrote the religious editor, confidently, "but they ought to come down to the boot tops, at least." This incident illustrates the occasional awkwardness of a newspaper standing as a bulwark of morals to the exclusion of everything else.—Detroit Journal.

Now Everybody Can Ride.

If you have any doubt about it be sure to read the advertisement of the John M. Smyth Co., Chicago, in this paper, in which they propose to sell a high-grade Top Buggy for $34.95. How they do it is a puzzle, but as the firm is one of the largest in the country and of the highest standing, that's their matter. Better find the advertisement now, while you think of it, and read it through carefully. The firm issues a Mammoth Catalogue, in which is listed "everything to eat, wear and use at lowest wholesale prices."

Its Origin.

"Hoot!" cried the owl ever and anon.

The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field stirred uneasily in their sleep and muttered maledictions.

"Why are they so angry?" asked the owlet at last.

"They are envious, my child," replied the owl, "of my Scotch dialect. Hoot, hoot!"—Detroit Journal.

Some Are So Clever.

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart.

"Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience, thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."—Chicago Post.

Thanksgiving Holidays, 1899

Greatly reduced rates via the C. H. & D. Railroad. Tickets sold on November 29 and 30, limited to December 1, for return. Ask your nearest C. H. & D. agent for full particulars regarding time of trains and rates.

Needless Adjectives.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's a redundancy of expression?

Pa—Using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning, such as "wealthy iceman," "wealthy plumber," etc.—Chicago Evening News.

A Dear Little Darling.—Wigwag—"My wife is the dearest little woman in the world." Watson—"I don't know about that. How much does she cost you?"—Philadelphia Record.

When a man says he wants work, he does not always mean that he is willing to do the work he is capible of doing, at the market price.—Atchison Globe.

He (ardently)—I am heels over head in love with you." She (the cruel coquette)—"How awfully upset you must be!"—Town Topics.

It is a matter of wonder that nobody ever excused his tardiness by claiming that the sun rose too late.—Ledger Monthly.

"These trusts give me a pain," remarked the observant boarder. "The window glass trust charges for panes," added the cross-eyed boarder.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"What is Spendy in mourning for?" "Rosenstein, the pawnbroker, is dead." "I didn't know they were related." "Oh, yes. He was Spendy's uncle." —Philadelphia North American.

The Butler—"I 'aven't been 'ere long, but I can see there's something on the maister's mind." The Maid—"Sure! He's trying to look as dignified as you, and he can't do it!"—Events.

"Ha! ha! ha! 'Hair cut while you wait'" That sign's absurd! Ha! ha!" "I don't know about that," remarked the barber, reflectively; "those fellows waiting while I'm cutting yours won't see anything absurd about it."—London Answers.

Sagebrush Sam—"That there dude bartender over to Red Dog died kinder sudden, didn't he? What wuz the trouble?" Cactus Charlie—"He sot out a glass o' water with Drykiln Dave's whisky."—St. Louis Republic.

The Impecunious Son.—"It was rather hard for you, father, not to send me any money when I was so much in need of it." The Thoughtful Father.—"It was my desire to send you ample means immediately; but it was such a pleasure to read your letters asking for remittances—so finely worded, you know—that I could not deny myself the satisfaction of having more and more of them."—Boston Transcript.

Perhaps the most trying experience in the career of a maiden who has passed the first blush of romantic girlhood is when she braces herself to meet the shock of a proposal of marriage from some man, and the shock doesn't come.—Chicago Journal.

"Nothing makes me so mad," said Church White to-day, "as to invite a neighbor to ride home with me in the evening and then have him stop to buy meat, and make me wait out in the cold half an hour."—Atchison Globe.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases of of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Ignorance is more powerful in the hands of some people than knowledge.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A thoroughgoing egotist is usually devoid of the sense of humor.—Chicago Daily News.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Don't put in too much time standing on dignity or riding a hobby.—Chicago Daily News.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

A vacant expression—"To Rent."—Golden Days.

How Mrs. Pinkham HELPED MRS. GOODEN.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 12,733]

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. For years I had female troubles and did nothing for them. Of course I became no better and finally broke down entirely. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb and inflammation of ovaries.

"I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then after nearly two months the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and their medicine alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of her Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine.

"The first remark that greets me now is 'How much better you look!' and you may be sure I never hesitate to tell the cause of my health."—Mrs. E. J. Gooden, Ackley, Ia.

A 25c SAMPLE BOTTLE FOR 10c.

DOCTORS INSIST that their patients use "5 DROPS" for

RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE etc. Read the following letters:

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: When I wrote you for a sample bottle of "5 DROPS" my wife was suffering terribly from Rheumatism and was very discouraged, as I had tried everything the doctors prescribed, even sending her to Richfield Springs, etc. My doctor is very much surprised at the progress my wife is making, and she is so well that she refused to keep her seamstress and is now doing her own sewing. The doctors insist on her taking "5 Drops" and assure her that it is now only a matter of a few days and she will be entirely cured, and as we are very well known here, the "5 DROPS" is receiving considerable attention and praise. F. R. PRICE, Jersey City, N. J. Oct. 13, 1899.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: I suffered terribly with Kidney Trouble for years, and after using less than two bottles of "5 DROPS" I am now entirely well and I give "5 DROPS" the praise for my cure. I could not find anything that would give me the slightest relief until I tried this remedy, and I recommend it to everybody as a permanent cure for Kidney Disease. MARY A. CARRAUGH, Black Gap, Pa. Aug. 22, '99.

5 DROPS (TRADE MARK)

"5 DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It gives almost instantaneous relief, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, La Grippe, Croup, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a 25c sample bottle, prepaid by mail, for 10 cts. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (300 doses) $1.00, 6 bottles for $5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. WRITE US TO-DAY.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL

A DOLLAR STRETCHER One lady writes that the greatest "Dollar Stretcher" she has ever found is the new and original method by which J. C. Hubinger is introducing his latest invention, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch. She says: With your Endless Chain Starch Book, I received from my grocer one large package of "Red Cross" starch, one large package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, and two beautiful Shakespeare panels, all for 5c. How far my dollar will go, I am unable to figure out. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO.

MAMMOTH MAIL ORDER HOUSE — 150 TO 166 WEST MADISON ST CHICAGO

SAVED TO THE PURCHASER OF THIS $25.00 High Grade Top Buggy $34.95

AT OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE OF ONLY

$34.95 $34.95



We offer this buggy at actual factory wholesale price, the equal of which is frequently sold by the dealers at not less than $60.00, so that they who buy direct from us save fully $25.00 and get a better buggy.

We give you either piano or Corning style body, end springs or Brewster side-bar springs, narrow or wide track, ¾, ⅞ or 1 inch tire, all wool cloth or genuine leather trim, and furnish the buggy complete with extra heavy full rubber top, brussels carpet, storm apron, boot, nickel dash rail, shafts, anti-rattlers, etc. Painting is perfect and equal to $75.00 buggy painting. Wheels are Sarven patent, warranted second growth hickory.

We are bound to make this buggy so perfect that it will sell many more for us. Only a limited number will be sold at our special price of $34.95. We will ship C. O. D. anywhere in the United States east of the Rocky mountains on receipt of only $5.00 as evidence of good faith.

BIG MAMMOTH CATALOGUE in which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10¢ to partly pay postage or expressage and as evidence of good faith the 10¢ is allowed on first purchase amounting to $1.00 or above.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.



Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue B free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Top Snap Complete Double Breech Loader $9.90 GUNS FISH-TACKLE

DON'T RENT

ESTABLISH A HOME OF YOUR OWN

Read "The Corn Belt," a handsome monthly paper, beautifully illustrated, containing exact and truthful information about farm lands in the West, letters from farmers and pictures of their homes, barns and stock. Interesting and instructive. Send 25 cents in postage stamps for a year's subscription to "THE CORN BELT," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

CARTER'S INK

Used by millions, Sure proof of its quality.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

SOLDIERS Add. Homesteads rights bought. If you served less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, write to BELO B. STEVENS & CO., 917 14th St., Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

GREAT FAMILY WEEKLY

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, December 14, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

STAMPER—We are authorized to announce A. HOWARD STAMPER, of Campton, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CONGLETON—We are authorized to announce J. W. CONGLETON as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

In this issue of THE HERALD will be found in its proper place the announcement of Hon. A. Howard Stamper, of this county, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for congress from this district. Thirty-four years ago, on Laurel creek, Morgan, now Wolfe county, Mr. Stamper was born in a hovel, reared in poverty and in want, with only the inheritance of an honest parentage, a healthy body, an innate invincible ambition. This young man started out in the world at the tender age of twelve, fatherless and penniless to obtain the sustenance of life, and if possible, an education. By dint of his own energy and industry, laboring hard by day and studying his books at night under the dim blaze of torchlights, he thus mastered the common school branches. Began teaching at sixteen, taught seven terms in succession, in the meantime, studying law and was admitted to the bar at the age of 22. In November 1886, (at 22) Mr. Stamper was wedded to Miss Mary C. Lykins, a daughter of Hon. Jos. C. Lykins, of this county. As evidence of his sterling qualities, and of the high esteem with which he is regarded by the people of his home county where he is best known, when scarcely eligible, he received the Democratic nomination for county attorney, defeating one of the ablest lawyers and most honored citizen of the county; and in the final contest was elected without opposition. The trust confided, he guarded, as was evinced by his election to succeed himself. Thus, self-prompted, self-sustained and self-taught he achieved an eminence as an orator and debator, and is recognized as the peer of any lawyer of his age in the state. He is a trogan Democrat and on the hustling is invincible. In presenting Mr. Stamper to the Democracy of the Tenth district, we feel that he possesses ample and splendid congressional ability, and if nominated would be elected by an increased majority. *

THE certificates of election were issued on Saturday, the 9th inst., to all the candidates on the Republican state ticket, the names only of Chairman Pryor and Capt. W. T. Ellis being attached. C. B. Poytz refused to sign the certificates, and his dissenting opinion was filed with that of the majority opinion. The official figures of the vote filed with Secretary of State Finley are: Taylor 193,714; Goebel 191,331. Taylor's plurality, 2,888.

THE opening day of congress this year attracted an unusual number of lady spectators. Mr. Roberts, the mormon congressman, was the center of attraction.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S message was very lengthy, and still omitted so many things that might have been appropriately discussed in such a paper, that it will take a good while to analyze the proposition. The omissions and commissions of the message may run through the whole presidential campain. It is a fact that the President said nothing to congress about the importance of economy in public expenditures. On the contrary, the carrying out of his recommendations would add enormously to the already heavy burdens on account of a war for the subjugation of the people of the Philippine Islands. Mr. McKinley is carrying out the policy of lavish expenditure begun by the Fifty-first congress.

THE Hon. W. S. Taylor, of the county of Butler, was duly inaugurated governor of Kentucky on Tuesday, the 12th inst., with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. Bradley has the distinction of being the state's first Republican governor, but let us hope that Mr. Taylor will be able to say until his dying day that he was the last.

MISS MARGARET INGALLS, of Paris, who campaigned for Bryan and free silver in 1896, has announced her intention of taking the stump again for Bryan in 1900. Miss Ingalls is at present a candidate for enrolling clerk of the Kentucky house of representatives.

IT is said that Aguinaldo's army numbers about thirty thousand insurgents. He probably isn't so lonesome as he is painted! Aguinaldo is like the Irisman's flea, now when Otis is about to put his finger on him, he is not there.

THE President has announced his intention to appoint Brutus J. Clay, of Richmond, one of the twelve commissioners at the Paris exposition.

IT looks strange that Congressman Roberts is against expansion. Perhaps he thinks three wives are enough for any one man.

Sayings of Famous Kentuckians.

At the expense of considerable time and great labor the Cynthiana Democrat has succeeded in collecting and collating the most remarkable sayings of the most famous Kentuckians and takes pleasure in presenting them to its readers.

Wm Goebel.—I am elected governor.

W. S. Taylor.—I am elected governor.

J. W. Throckmorton.—Who feeds the masses? Why, the man with the hoecake.

J. C. S. Blackburn.—I want no certificate unless signed by Governor Goebel.

Senator Deboe.—All I want is my per diem per day.

Gov. Bradley.—It is a scoundrelly lie.

Theodore Hallam.—My face is my fortue.

Col. Jack Chinn.—If not this summer, some other summer.

Chas. J. Bronston.—Where am I at?

Urey Woodson.—I am the father of the campaign—the hairy parent of the throne.

W. B. Haldeman.—Let the villain be Dispatched.

Henry Watterson—I am opposed to Bill Goebel bill.

Chas. B. Poyntz.—Whoop!

Richard W. Knott.—I am a Democrat.

Rev. T. H. Coleman—Fifty cents, please.

John H. Whallen,—I'm de main guy. See?

Charley Wheeler.—Excuse me until I put my foot in it.

Judge Redwine.—An appeal is not in order.

Willard Mitchell.—Blood!

W. C. P. Breckinridge.—I cannot support Mr. Owens. Let him earn his own support.

Desha Breckinridge.—That's me!

John Young Brown.—I concede my defeat.

P. Watt Hardin.———

ROSE & DAVIS

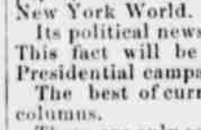
—THE—

Blacksmiths

—AND—

Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.



Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us ts payour own debts.

The New York World,

Thrice-a-Week Edition.

ALMOST A DAILY—AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-a-Week edition of The New York World, and with the Presidential campaign now at hand you cannot do without it. Here are some of the reasons why it is easily the leader in dollar a year journalism.

It is issued every other day, and is to all purpose a daily.

Every week each subscriber receives 18 pages and often during the "busy" season 24 pages each week.

The price is only $1.00 per year.

It is virtually a daily at the price of a weekly.

Its news covers every known part of the world. No weekly newspaper could stand alone and furnish such service.

The Thrice-a-Week World has at its disposal all of the resources of the greatest newspaper in existence—the wonder of modern journalism—"America's Greatest newspaper," as it has been justly termed—The New York World.

Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact will be of especial value in the Presidential campaign coming on.

The best of current fiction is found in its columns.

These are only some of the reasons; there are others. Read it and see them all.

We offer this unequaled newspaper and THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD together one year for $1.50.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.00.

DO YOU WANT ITALMOST FREE?

The Illustrated Kentuckian

It is superbly illustrated monthly, the size of Harper's Weekly, devoted exclusively to the Historical, Industrial, Social and Sentimental Side of Kentucky. It is published at Louisville by Yenowine & Lipscomb at $1.00 a year. If you haven't seen it send for free sample copies. We will club it with.....

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD

for a trifle more than the price of your home paper. If you will renew or send us a cash subscription, $1.50, we will send you this paper and the ILLUSTRATED KENTUCKIAN, both postpaid, for one year. Address

SPENCER COOPER,
Hazel Green, Ky.

CHAS. W. BUCHANAN

PRACTICAL

BOOT AND SHOE

MAKER

☞Prompt attention given to repairing of all kinds, and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞Your patronage respectfully solicited, and will be highly appreciated.

☞Orders taken for Ladies' and Gents' Fine Footwear.

☞Shop at Old Racket store room, Hazel Green, Ky.

R. H. BRYAN,

SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,

WHOLESALE + GROCERS

LEXINGTON, KY.

GREAT

REDUCTION SALE

Now's Your Chance to Make Money

The weather is too warm and we can not wait rny longer on cold weather.

1/4 off on every article of CLOTHING in our house. This a great opportunity to buy goods at about 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR!

REMEMBER:

Every article of Clothing in our house is now 25 to 50 per cent. higher than when we paid for them, and without charging you the advance, we give you ONE-FOURTH OFF!

25 per cent. off.

We have now the finest and largest stock of

FINE OVERCOATS

in Kentucky. Largest stock of FINE SUITS in Kentucky.

And, remember, 25 per cent. off on all of them!

Don't miss this sale.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

Leading Clothiers of Kentucky.

WANTED, 500 MEN,

Who owe me on account, to call and pay same. I need the money and can wait no longer. Please do not ask for credit if you owe me on account, for I can not and will not, grant you credit any longer. I have

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE

OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

and will not be undersoled when I get the cash. All taxes due me must also be paid now, because to indulge you further hurts us both.

How many will respond to my call? I shall wait and see. Doors open from 6 o'clock a. m. to 6 p. m.

Respectfully, &c.,

H. F. PIERATT.

FOOT WEAR

I have just received the finest line and greatest variety of

LADIES' AND GENTS' BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to the mountains, and having bought them before the recent rise in leather, I am prepared to save my customers money on every purchase they make. I want the ladies, especially, to examine my stock. For the price, I can show them a front-lace shoe that is a world-beater. It is, indeed, a beauty, and to the touch makes one feel that the shoemaker got hold of the kid-glove stock.

Respectfully, JOHN M. ROSE.

DAVID S. ROSE,
Headquarters Ezel, Ky.,
REPRESENTS
SLINGLUFF, JOHNS & CO.,
WHOLESALE
BOOTS + AND + SHOES
Hopkins Place, BALTIMORE, MD.,
Respectfully solicits a share of the trade of mountain merchants.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

O. H. HARRISON+

Attorney-at-Law,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

Constipation, Headache, Billousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

THE HERALD.

GREAT FAMILY WEEKLY

A Great Offer. FARM JOURNAL From now to Dec, 1903. Nearly 5 Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only $1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

Only eleven more days until X'ams.

We have had a touch of genuine winter within the past week.

Died, Henry Barker, of Cany, on Wednesday of last week of fever.

Mrs. Ringold's children, who have been sick for several days, are improving.

Are we to tramp through the mud this winter, or are we to have side walks?

M. W. Jones, of Grassy, was in town Wednesday and made us a pleasant call.

Greenberry Stamper, a lawyer at the Campton bar, was in town Saturday afternoon.

The finest line of stationery ever seen in Hazel Green is to be had at J. T Day's store.

Carl Mize returned home Tuesday after a very pleasant visit with friends at Mt. Sterling.

Our correspondents must be taking a rest this week after their laborious efforts of the past.

Have you bought your Christmas toys for the children? If not, see the nice display at J. T. Day's

Dr. Silas Kash, who has been sick for several days, has so far recovered as to resume his practice.

Dr. J. M. Kash was called to Quicksand on last Friday to see Mrs. Calhoon, who was taken suddenly ill.

NERVES must be fed on pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best nerve tonic. By enriching the blood it makes the nerves **STRONG.**

W. O. Mize is papering and painting his house located near the Hazel Green Academy, and is occupied by Q. C. Daniel as a domitory for the students of the academy.



F. A. LYON, JR., Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky.

Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

WHEN PA PUT UP THE STOVEPIPE.

When pa put up the stovepipe, then
My ma would say, "I'll come again
'Bout nex' week Friday." Then she'd go,
An' I—I wished I could, you know.
'Twan't no use wishin'; I must stay
An' hear the things my pa would say
When that there stovepipe had no fit—
But pa he had one, I'll admit.

Firs' pa he'd take a joint of pipe
An' say, "Now hit that end a swipe."
An' when the soot his bald spot mussed,
My pa he mostly up an' cussed
Until he thought about his swears
An' says, "That, Alfred, was my prayers,
For I drink from devotion's cup
Whens'er I put a stovepipe up."

An' then he'd take a biggish joint
An' try to pound it to a point
To drive it in some little end.
An' when the pipe would seem to bend
An' sort o' swipe him on the jaw.
The things my pa said then, why, law,
I couldn't tell you if I tried,
But I jus' laughed until I cried.

An' when my pa said, "Son commere!"
But I—I didn't come real near,
Because just then he slipped an' fell
An' six joints tumbled, too, as well,
An' soot came, too, straight in their track
An' poured three gallons down his back
An' in his mouth an' served to calk
Him up so tight he couldn't talk.

An' that is all, except I got
A pail of water, middlin' hot,
An' washed him out an' washed him off,
An' all that pa could do was cough
Until he said: "Now get a man
To fix this dang pipe if he can!"
The man he fixed it pretty soon—
An' ma came home that afternoon.

—A. J. WATERHOUSE.

The Stock Sale.

The stock sale which was held in Hazel Green Wednesday was rather light but although, everything that was brought to the market was sold and brought good prices. Our next sale day will be held on Wednesday, January 11th. If you want good prices for your stock, bring them to our next sale. The following is a list of sales:

John Brewer to J. M. Rose, one pair of mules	$200 00
Frank Duke to J. M. Rose, 2 cows	40 00
Taylor Ringo to J. M. Rose, 1 heifer,	15 00
J. M. Rose to Dan Davidson, 1 calf	7 00
Chas Rose to John Brewer, 5 s c	90 00
John Brewer to J. M. Rose, 1 cow	15 00
Dan Lindon to J. M. Rose, 1 cow	24 00
Dan Davidson to Dug Little, 1 cow	27 00

JONH PIERATT, Auctioneer.

The board of health again urge a general vaccination of the people throughout the state. In less than two years more than 2,000 cases of small pox have occurred in 62 of the 119 counties in this state, involving a direct expense to the affected counties and municipalities of nearly $100,000, and a far greater loss from interference with business and travel. Physicians are cautioned against errors in diagnois. Especially should mild small pox not be mistaken for chicken pox. If uncertain isolate the patient and vaccinate every one who has been about him, giving the public the benefit of the doubts. Many excellent communities have been almost ruined in the past two years by failure to adopt this common sense course.

S. R. Collier, Dentist, will be in Hazel Green from December 18th until the 23d, and will be prepared to do all kinds of dental work, such as extracting teeth making teeth. Gold filling a specialty. All work Guaranteed. I mean what I say. Remember his stay is short, and if you need his service you had better call at once. His work is his recommendation. His charges are reasonable.

Miss Nettie Clark, of Toliver, gave a social at her home on Saturday night to her young friends. Among those from Hazel Green were, Misses Addie and Orie Swango, Nettie Wheeler, Nannie Clark, and Willie Kash, Curtis Quicksall and Ed. Taulbee. They report that they had a very fine time and all enjoyed themselves.

The Sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are the largest in the world because the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful, perfect, permanent.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. 25c.

Prof. W. H. Cord left Tuesday for Lexington and Louisville to see about the insurance money of the domitory that was burned a short time ago.

Miss Nettie Clark, of Toliver, was a visitor of Mrs. S. B. Kash's Tuesday, and she got one of those nobby hats from Mrs. Kash.

W. P. Norris passed through here Monday from West Liberty en route to Campton. He was riding on "shank's mare."

Elsa James is preparing to sell his personal property, and contemplates moving to Coles county, Ill.

Mrs. S. B. Kash, who was suffering with a sore throat last week, is about well again.

A. H. Stamper, candidate for congress, was in two on Friday shaking hands with his friends.

The '99 apple crop amounts to 25,000,000 barrels, or something over two barrels for every family in the country.

When a congressman dies before his term expires, his widow is paid $5,000, or one year's salary, even if he had but a day to serve.

J. M. Rose has two car loads of fine export walnut for the German market, which he is delivering this week at Torrent for shipment to Europe.

Mrs. Harvey Nickolls, who has been sick for some time, is much better at the present and hopes are entertained of her speedy recovery.

Your wife and daughter would enjoy some of the fine candy to be found only at J. T. Day's. But don't delay, for it is going like hot cakes on a cold day.

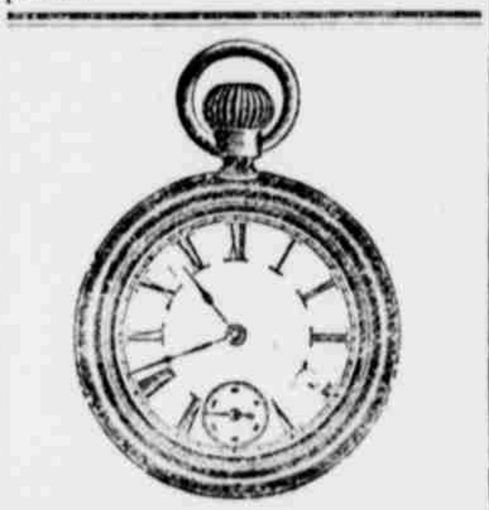
Our young friend, David Linden, is a candidate for sheriff of Wolfe county, subject to action of the Democratic party, and with our next issue his announcement will appear, together with other commendatory comments.

Mr. Pike, the Methodist minister, will preach here Saturday night and Sunday morning and night at the usual hours. Saturday night, the 23d inst., he will preach at Pine Grove, also Sunday morning and Sunday night will preach at Ezel.

If a married man make your wife happy by a gift of a few pounds of that fine candy at Taylor Day's. If a single man you can hypnotize your sweetheart with the same kind of a gift, and the cost is so small that if you don't do so your girl ought to go back on you for all time, and the other fellow will get her affection.

Your taxes are due and must be paid now. So please call and settle, and save trouble, as I am compelled to collect.
H. F. PIERATT, D. S.

The stock of Christmas novelties at J. T. Day's is the finest ever displayed in the mountains. In fact, up to date, but down in prices.



LIST OF WATCHES

We carry in stock.

LADIES' SIZES

Solid Nickel, open face Watches, fancy dial, at $5.00.

Solid Silver, open face, plain dial, $5.00.

Gold-filled, warranted 5 years, hunting or double case, at $12.50, Waltham movements.

Gold-filled, open face, warranted 10 years, New England Company's Watches, $8.00 to $12.00.

Gold-filled 20 year hunting cases Waltham movement, $18.75.

Same as last enumerated, in 25 year case, $20.50

Solid Gold Waltham Watches, $22.50 to $55.00.

FRED J. HEINTZ,
Manufacturing Jeweler,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Post No Bills on this wall

MRS. S. B. KASH, Fashionable Milliner, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR District Office Managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly $600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. S. A. PARK, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago. 26 6m



"Ring out the old Ring in the new
Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a *Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure* for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 Sizes
BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

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A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,—quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL

5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON. Address, FARM JOURNAL,
CHAS. F. JENKINS. PHILADELPHIA

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.



RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

A. HOFFMAN & SON, MANAGERS, MT. STERLING, KY.

W. H. PIERATT, SOLICITOR, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HOFFMAN-PIERATT Insurance Agency.

17 FIRE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

☞ Loans negotiated, and all business of the mountains solicited.

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY AND and promptly done at this office.

GREENE, EMBRY & CO.,

Live Stock Commission Merchants,

CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS.

Long Distance Telephone 7356. ☞ ALL SALES GUARANTEED

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

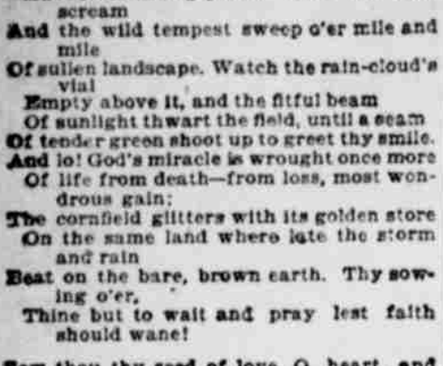
HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : : KY.

SOWING.

Sow thou thy seed of corn and wait awhile.
See the snow falling and the ice-spray gleam
Above its hiding-place. Hear the wind scream
And the wild tempest sweep o'er mile and mile
Of sullen landscape. Watch the rain-cloud's vial
Empty above it, and the fitful beam
Of sunlight thwart the field, until a seam
Of tender green shoot up to greet thy smile.
And lo! God's miracle is wrought once more
Of life from death—from loss, most wondrous gain;
The cornfield glitters with its golden store
On the same land where late the storm and rain
Beat on the bare, brown earth. Thy sowing o'er,
Thine but to wait and pray lest faith should wane!

Sow thou thy seed of love, O heart, and wait.
Though it lie hidden—though thy doubts and fears
Whisper to thee 'tis lost, and thy sad tears
Fall on the ice-bound soil of bitter fate—
Surely the seed will live; Spring sets the gate
Of life wide open. See! though hid for years,
Love seeks the light of love—its tender spears
Shall gladden thy sad eyes at last, though late;
E'en but the blade perchance and not the bloom.
Ofttimes God seeth that Love's flower rare
Hath no perfection this side of the tomb,
But needeth for its growth the purer air
Of His sweet Paradise; after earth's gloom
Love hath its blossoming—not here, but there!

—Kate Mellersh, in Chambers' Journal.



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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

A few moments sufficed to dress the cut properly, and after turning over the knife and revolver to the authorities, to aid in identifying the two robbers, Tom was about to start for his hotel when his new acquaintance said, bluntly:

"Hold on a minute. I'd like to know the name of the man who stood by an old chap to-night and saved my life. How did you happen along so handy like?"

"My name is Tom Scott, and I happened to hear those men planning to rob somebody, so I kept an eye on them. That's all."

"No, it ain't all, by a long chalk," was the hearty response. "You did more'n that, and I might be chucked into the dock before this only for your pluck. My name is John Avery, and I'm pretty well known along the water front as a man of my word. If I can ever do you a good turn you can count on me. Live here in the city?"

"No, I'm just from New Hampshire," said Tom.

"Looking for work?"

"No, I'm trying to find a chance to get to the Klondike."

"Then, by thunder, you needn't look any longer," was the prompt reply, "because I'm bound there myself, and you shall go with me if you want to. I wouldn't ask a better mate than you. Where are you stopping?"

Tom mentioned the name of his hotel and the other said at once:

"All right. Let's go there and talk this thing over."

Half an hour later they were seated in the smoking room and Tom's modest story was told. When he had finished his friend said:

"That's a good, straight yarn, and some day I may have one to tell you that will open your eyes. All I need to say now is that my name is John Avery. I'm an old 49-er without wife or child, and I'm bound for the Klondike to get my pile. It's waiting for me there, all right. I've taken passage on a sailing vessel because I like the water and hate the cars. Besides, there is no use getting there before spring. I will pay your passage out on the same vessel, and you can keep your little pile. If the Yukon camps are anything like the old days in California, you'll need it all and more, too. We'll call it a loan or anything you like, and you can pay me when you strike a rich claim."

Tom protested faintly, but he was overwhelmed at the prospect, and soon yielded.

"We'll see about getting your passage the first thing in the morning," said Avery, "and now, as my old head is giving me particular fits, I guess I'll get a bed here and turn in. I was calculating to sleep on board to-night, but I'll wait for daylight before I try that trip again."

Then, pressing Tom's hand warmly, the old miner said:

"Good night, mate. You oughter sleep well after saving a man's life, and money, too. Do you know I have $5,000 in my clothes, and but for you it wouldn't be there now."

There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, as he turned hastily and left the room, leaving Tom to his pleasant thoughts.

He could hardly realize all that had been crowded into the few hours since his arrival, and his sleep was broken by fitful dreams, in which revolvers and robbers played prominent roles.

CHAPTER II.

TOM MEETS AN OLD ENEMY.

When Tom Scott awoke the following morning his side was stiff and sore, but by the time he had dressed and made his way downstairs he had almost forgotten the wound in the realization of the fact that the way had been miraculously opened for him to reach the gold region.

He found the old miner waiting for him in the smoking-room, and as he entered the latter arose and greeted him heartily, saying:

"Good morning, Scott. How is the side to-day? Pretty sore, isn't it? My headpiece is rather tender, too, from the clip I got, but they'll both have time to heal before the voyage is over. Come on, let's get a good square meal and then we'll go down to the vessel. I hope she'll be ready to sail to-day. All my stuff's been on board for a week now. You'll want a few duds, too, I dare say, for the trip."

After a hearty meal the two men proceeded to the wharf, and as they reached the scene of the previous night's struggle the elder man said, quietly:

"I'll never forget this place as long as I live. If those rascals had only dreamed what I carried with me they'd have finished their bloody work and I'd have been down there."

As he spoke he pointed significantly toward the icy water in the dock and then added:

"The money was nothing, but—"

He broke off suddenly and led the way in silence until they reached the vessel, where the captain, a grizzled old salt, was pacing the deck and urging the stevedores to greater efforts.

The Seabird was a trim built craft of about 600 tons. The cook was flying about the deck in his white apron, the second mate was hard at work below, and as the two men stepped on board the captain said, cheerily:

"Good morning, Mr. Avery. We're about ready, you see. The wind is fair, and if nothing happens we'll be under way by dinner time. The mate has gone back on me and I've sent after another man."

In a few words the miner informed the old seadog of his adventure the preceding evening, adding:

"This is Mr. Thomas Scott, who saved my life. If it hadn't been for him you'd have sailed without me, and now you've got to take him too. He'll pay the same as I do, and share my stateroom. Is it a bargain?"

"He's welcome," was the curt reply, "as long as he's to bunk in with you. I've no other spare berth."

"Good," exclaimed Avery. "Come on, Scott, we'll have to hurry up and get your stuff."

Tom's companion was an old traveler, and knew exactly what was required for the voyage, as well as where to obtain it, and when the tug came alongside at noon our hero had a well-filled chest of clothing below, and stood on deck watching the operation of getting under way.

"Make that hawser fast lively!" shouted a harsh voice near him, and Tom turned to see a short, thickset man, bustling about and cursing the sailors roundly. His face was turned away, but there was something familiar in his bearing, and Tom was wondering at this when Capt. Coffin shouted:

"Let the men get their dinner while we are towing down, Mr. Rider."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tom started as if he had been shot. He saw the mate turn towards the poop deck as he replied and there was no mistaking his features. The red face, bushy beard and brutal mouth could belong to none other than Tom's old enemy, Obed Rider, who had brought the story of Capt. Scott's flight to Merrivale. If any further proof was needed, his broken nose, which added to the repulsiveness of his appearance, was noticeable at the first glance.

As he caught sight of Tom he stopped as if rooted to the deck and uttered an exclamation of amazement, for the recognition was mutual. Then an evil light blazed in his eyes and he bounded towards Tom, hissing through his set teeth:

"How came you aboard this craft?"

His fists were clenched, but he paused before reaching striking distance, for four years had developed Tom Scott from a lanky boy into a tall, muscular man, and the same undaunted spirit now looked boldly into the other's eyes.

The captain and the old miner were both below at the moment, the former having gone to his dinner, after giving his last order, and the chief officer stood glaring at Tom like an enraged animal. He had been shipped at the last moment and had no knowledge of any passengers on board, supposing Tom must have been engaged as a common sailor.

"What are you doin' of on that quarter deck?" he demanded, as Tom made no reply to his first question. "What's the matter with you! Open your mouth or I'll open it for you! What are you doing here?"

"None of your business," replied Tom, finding his tongue at last.

"I'll make it my business blamed quick!" cried the infuriated officer, his eyes snapping as he thought of the long voyage ahead and his power to take his revenge tenfold on one under his authority.

"Get forward where you belong," he shouted.

Tom understood now what was passing in the other's mind, but determined not to undeceive the mate in order that the truth might be all the more crushing when made known.

"I won't stir a peg for you, Obed Rider," he replied, "and if you are not careful I will make your face look worse than I did when I was a boy. What bad luck brought you here I don't know, but I warn you to keep clear from me!"

The expression on the mate's face was fairly fiendish as he snatched an iron belaying pin from the fife rail and rushed at Tom, crying:

"You won't stir, eh! Curse you, I'll show you the difference between afloat and ashore!"

But his blow was arrested in mid air by an iron grip about his wrist and the weapon was torn from his hand instantly. He found himself pressed against the mizzenmast with a force that nearly took his breath away, while Tom said, sternly:

"Don't try that with me again or I'll pitch you overboard!"

As he spoke he released the mate, who sprang for the cabin steps, his face crimson with passion, shouting:

"Mutiny! Mutiny! I'll have your life for this!"

He had reached the head of the steps when Capt. Coffin appeared on the scene, attracted by the mate's loud tones.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded, as the officer tried to push by him on the steps.

"It's mutiny, sir!" was the angry reply. "Wait till I get my pistol, and I'll soon settle it!"

The captain looked about him in surprise. Tom stood alone on the quarter deck, and the whole matter was inexplicable unless the new mate was crazy, a thought which found ample justification in his disordered appearance.

"Mutiny?" he repeated, contemptuously. "See here, if you've been drinking, Mr. Rider, don't let it happen again. I can make allowance for sailing day, but see it doesn't happen again!"

"I am as sober as you are," was the surly reply. "That man there! That Scott whelp! He refused to obey me, and I'll see whether I am mate of this ship or not!"

With one stride the captain reached his side and thrust his weather-beaten



"I'll show you the difference between afloat and ashore."

face close to the mate's, giving him a look before which the other quailed.

"Look you!" he said, sharply. "When you speak to me remember I have a handle to my name, and see you put it on every time! You must be drunk!"

The mate looked from one to the other as if he could not believe his own senses. What did it all mean? Why did the skipper refuse to side with him and allow Tom to stand there unmolested after assaulting his superior officer!

Seeing he could do nothing but glare at Tom the skipper turned to the latter and said, coolly:

"It's next to impossible to get a sober man nowadays. The best seamen all seem to make it a business to keep drunk all the time they are ashore. After they get out to sea they are all right."

"Capt. Coffin," said the mate, stepping forward, "I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day. I ordered this man to go forward and he resisted me."

"Ordered him forward! Well, that's a good one!" And the captain broke into a hoarse chuckle. "Why, bless me, but of course you didn't know! Mr. Scott is a passenger on the Seabird and is goin' to 'Frisco with us. There's another down below, a Mr. Avery. Make you acquainted with Mr. Scott. Mr. Scott, this is my mate, Mr. Rider. It's all my fault not telling him you was aboard. Kinder funny, wasn't it?"

"We don't need any introduction," said Tom, quickly. "I have known Obed Rider a long time. I don't know any good of him, either."

Capt. Coffin was surprised, but he asked no questions, preferring to wait until he could see Tom alone. The mate bit his lip in baffled rage as he saw his prey not only removed from his power, but placed in a position where he must be treated with outward respect at least. He turned on his heel and went forward, vowing vengeance under his breath, but not daring to show his feeling further before the captain.

"So you know my mate?" then asked the captain.

"I knew him years ago," replied Tom, "and we had some trouble. It doesn't matter what it was about, but his nose got broken, and he hates me as hard as I do him. He may be a good sailor, however, and no doubt he is. He used to sail with my father."

A hail from the tug saved Tom any further explanation, and as the captain bustled off to reply Avery came out of the cabin and joined his roommate, who told him briefly about the recent trouble, making no mention of the original cause of the enmity between himself and Rider, for the charge against his father was too sore a subject to pass his lips.

By the time dinner was over the vessel was well down the harbor. When Boston light was reached the westerly wind began to freshen, and the sails stood full. Lines were hastily cast off, the tug's whistle gave a short blast as a parting salute, and, with a graceful nod of her sharp bow in return, the bark shot toward the open water, with every square inch of canvas pulling at the sheets, and the captain rubbing his horny palms with delight at the prospect of a fine departure.

John Avery was an old sailor, and the motion of the vessel caused him no inconvenience, but Tom was soon stretched in his bunk, where he remained the better part of two days, while the Seabird flew along before the favorable gale in a manner which did not belie her name.

When he managed to get on deck Cape Cod was more than 300 miles astern, and already the weather was beginning to grow milder. A few days more made him completely well, and long before the equator was reached he had acquired quite a professional roll and felt perfectly at home.

Of the mate he saw very little, as the latter stood watch and watch with the second officer, being on deck every other four hours, night and day. Mr. Green, the second mate, was a bright, active young man about Tom's age and the two became very friendly as the Seabird sped steadily to the southward.

It seemed as if old Neptune had made an extra effort to help the vessel along, for she escaped the customary calms near the line and caught the southeast trades the same day she lost those from the northeast which had served her so well. No incident of importance occurred to break the monotony of the voyage, and as they stood by the wheel one noon when Capt. Coffin was taking his observation he announced that they were as far south of the line as Boston was north of it.

Then he went below to look at the glass, cast a careful glance around the horizon, and went below once more, only to reappear on deck.

"There ain't a cloud in the sky," he said, bluntly, "but the glass is going down as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. We're going to catch it, as sure as my name is Seth Coffin. My glass never lied to me yet."

Gradually the wind died out, until the Seabird lay becalmed, rising and falling on the swell, but the sky remained clear. The barometer continued to fall in an alarming manner, and after an hour the heat became oppressive.

Then from all quarters of the horizon a mass of white clouds arose, until they presented the appearance of huge mountains of snow, darkening as they ascended, and massing together until they formed a canopy overhead, entirely concealing the blue sky above. Soon they deepened until the whole heavens were solidly black, as if covered with folds of velvet. In a few places, however, the color seemed to vary to a dark, purplish gray, as one edge of an overlapping cloud was exposed.

Long before this time all hands were on deck, and the Seabird was stripped for the battle with the elements. Whatever his other faults, Obed Rider was a good seaman, and, with but few suggestions from the captain, he had made everything snug, only a close reefed maintopsail and storm staysail showing aft, while a portion of the foretopmast staysail stood out white and clear against the gloomy background, in readiness to pay her head off when needed.

There was a painful stillness, broken only by the mournful monotone in the rigging which always precedes a hurricane, as though the craft knew her danger and tried to utter her feeble protest against the forces of nature.

Suddenly, far above the mastheads sounded an unearthly scream, as if the storm demons had united in sounding the charge. Still the sails hung idly and not a breath of air could be felt.

Then in the far distance a long bright streak suddenly illuminated the horizon, increasing with marvelous rapidity until all could see what seemed to be an endless line of rolling snow. It was impossible to bring the vessel's head up to meet the danger without wind, and she lay helpless in its path, rolling uneasily about on the disturbed sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Silk is considered unclean by the Mohammedans, because it is the product of a worm.

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PEACE OFFERINGS.

They Preceded Him and as His Wife Predicted He Was Home with His Purchases.

She received a large box full of American beauty roses by messenger from her husband along toward four o'clock the other afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cocktails again," she mused shrewdly.

Half an hour later another messenger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband.

"James has ordered that $80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he couldn't afford," she mused again.

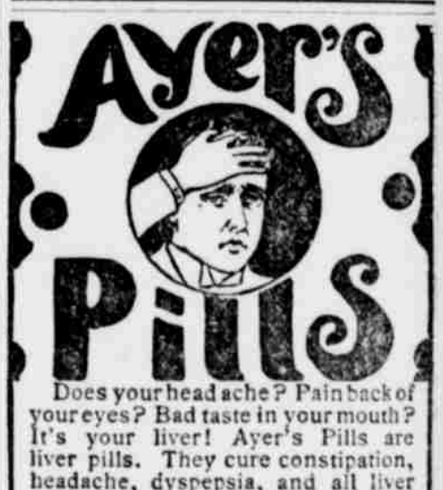
Half an hour later a wagon drew up, with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, full-grown palms were delivered at her door marked as coming from her husband.

"Olive branches preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark."

He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martignys. He had ordered the $80 overcoat. The prescience of the modern married woman is sufficiently awe-inspiring to persuade any man to raise his bonnet thereto.—Washington Post.

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GOD SENT THE WHEEL

The Theme for Dr. Talmage's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The Wheel as a Symbol of Prosperity —Some Reasons for National Gratitude—Benefits of Inventive Genius.

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This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance of this week and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiah 10:13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

Next Thursday will, by proclamation of president and governors, be observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were insufficient. He must be reenforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying: "O, wheel!"

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even Paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparatively dull, hardly anything going on, no agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous; no architecture required, for they slept under the trees; no manufacturer's loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden would not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of Paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on God sent the wheel. It turned ahead, the race advances; if turned back, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing: O wheel!"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine. It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March" in "Saul" and flags at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulcher was digged not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands, but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and homesickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel. Woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whir and rattle pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches, are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the season are overcome; winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, underbraiding, set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, crochet stitch, a fascinating ingenuity. All honor to the memory of Alsop and Duncan and Greenough and Singer and Wilson and Grover and Wilcox for their efforts to emancipate woman from the slavery of toil! But, more than that, let there be monumental commemoration of Elias Howe, the inventor of the first complete sewing machine. What it has saved of sweat and tears God only can estimate. In the making of men's and boys' clothing in New York city in one year it saved $7,500,000, and in Massachusetts, in the making of boots and shoes, in one year it saved $7,000,000.

Nowonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey state normal school, and the Rutgers female institute, and Elmira female college, acquaintance with the sewing machine is a requisition, a young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be warmly clad. "The Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing machine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing machine, until the last shackled woman of toil shall be emancipated! Roll on!

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and lip parched by the merciless August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the doorstep, too tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a thrashing floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! Pounded once, and then turned over to be pounded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

But hark to the buzz of wheels in the distance. The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked; now he rides; once worked with arm of flesh, now with arm of iron. He starts at the end of the wheatfield, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered, the machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours, the grainfield prostrate before the harvesters.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

All the rivers and lakes and seas have turned white with rage under the smiting of the steamboat wheel. In the phosphorescent wake of it sail the world's commercial prosperities. Through the axle of that wheel nations join hands, and America says to Venice: "Give me your pictures," and to France: "Give me your graceful apparel," and to England: "Give me your Sheffield knives and Nottingham laces and Manchester goods, and I will give you breadstuffs, corn and rye and rice. I will give you cotton for your mills. I will give you cattle for your slaughter houses. Give me all you have to spare, and I will give you all I have to spare." And trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic nations grasp each other's hands in brotherhood.

While this has been doing on the water James Watt's wheel has done as much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stagecoach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, N. J., turning up to the post office and dropping the mail bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers, Sanderson himself on the box, six feet two inches and well proportioned, long lash whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the line of the traces, foam dripping from the bits!

It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted: "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage driver not long ago, and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stagecoach and a Chicago express train what a difference, all the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

At Doncaster, England, I saw George Stephenson's first locomotive. If in good repair it could run yet, but because of its make and size it would be the burlesque of all railroaders. Between that rude machine, crawling down the iron track, followed by a clumsy and bouncing train, and one of our Rocky mountain locomotives, with a village of palace cars, becoming drawing rooms by day and princely dormitories by night, what bewitching progress!

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand-mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and baggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light, along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank! clank! go the wheels. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirlwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession.

When years ago the railroad men struck for wages, our country was threatened with annihilation, and we realized what the railroad wheel had done for this country — over 180,000 miles of railroad in the United States; in one year over $1,000,000,000 received from passengers and freight; White mountains, Alleghany mountains, Rocky mountains, Sierra Nevadas, bowing to the iron yoke; all the rolling stock of New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, Georgia, Great Southern, Union Pacific and all the other wheels of the tens of thousands of freight cars, wrecking cars, cabooses, drawing room cars, sleeping cars, passenger cars, of all the accommodation, express and special trains, started by the wheel of the grotesque locomotive that I saw at Doncaster. For what it has done for all Christendom I ejaculate in the language of the text, "O wheel!"

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car or the four wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bicycle. The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man should get swiftly from place to place? Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? No. At last we have the obliteration of distances by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation and say: "What better exercise can she have than a broom or a duster or a churn or rocking a cradle or running up and downstairs or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?" And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire half way out to Chevy Chase or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air and the health in deep respiration and the awakening of disused muscles and the exhilaration of velocity will rejoice that wife and mother and daughter may have this new recreation. Indeed life to so many is so hard a grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of healthful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious and laughing and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction, toward place of business, toward good recreation, toward philanthropy, toward usefulness, toward places of divine worship, and never toward immorality or Sabbath desecration. My friend, Will Carleton, the poet, said what I like when he wrote:

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts and cry: God bless the wheel!

Never yet having mounted one of those rolling wonders, I stand by the wayside, far enough off to avoid being run over, and in amazement and congratulation cry out, in Ezekiel's phraseology of the text: "O wheel!"

BROTHERHOOD OF TRUCKMEN.

It Is a Common Thing to See One Man Help Another Out of a Hole.

It is not at all remarkable to see truckmen help one another in the streets. Doubtless there are plenty of truckmen who would go by another who was stalled and leave him to his own resources. It might be from just plain, ordinary selfishness, or it might be from such reason as that which permits the mail steamer to save life but not to tow, or it might be for the commonplace but substantial reason that he owed his first duty to the man whose goods he had aboard his own truck; but however that may be, it is nevertheless not remarkable to see one truckman help another in the street.

This is commonly done by a man with an empty truck and a good team, though it is sometimes done also by a man who has more or less of a load. A common way, when the man who is stalled has a load that will bear that sort of treatment, is for the man who helps, coming up behind, to set the end of the pole of his truck against the load of the stalled truck and then start up his team, and push. Often this is enough to help the other man out of his difficulty. It may literally push the other truck out of a hole, or up on to level ground where the team can draw it, and it encourages the other horse or team so that it will draw, or it makes it think it must draw.

Another common way of helping out is for the helping driver to halt ahead of the stalled outfit and help pull by means of a rope carried from a shaft or from the pole of the halted truck to a draypin set in the tail of his own truck. When everything is ready, they start up both teams, and even though the stalled team may not pull at the outset the other rarely or never fails to start the truck.

And there are no distinctions made in putting out the helping hands thus offered. One truckman is as likely to offer help as another, and to offer it to any man who needs help. Thus it might easily be that some man with a rather scarred and battered truck and with a team that would surely be well fed and strong, but perhaps not so handsome in appearance as might be, would give a boost to some slick street craft that was bright with paint and trimmings, and it might as easily be that some man with a big new truck with every angle unbroken, with a big brass sign-plate on either side and with a pair of horses splendid as well as powerful, would help out the man with an outfit that was battered and scarred.

It is scarcely possible to do a kindness with a horse and truck without its being seen; and so it may be that, by reason of their conspicuousness these acts of kindness impress one unduly, and that in reality truckmen are no kinder to one another than are other men whose kindness to their fellows may be quite unseen; but it does seem clear that they are, at least, as kindly.—N. Y. Sun.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

She Thought Willie Had Been Noticing What Was Hung on the Clothesline.

Willie Wishington was trying to be conversational, but the young woman wore glasses and looked severe and her mother surveyed the scene with an expression of austere toleration. Willie ought to have known better than to call on Monday afternoon, anyhow.

"Have you read any books lately?" asked Willie, with the inane grin which he uses in society.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Been some pretty good ones written lately, don't you think?"

"I haven't read any recent novels," she answered.

"You ought to read some."

"I find ample entertainment in the classics," was the rejoinder, while her mother looked on with an approving smile.

"Oh, yes. Shakespeare, I suppose. He's a good old classic."

"I read Shakespeare occasionally, when I read English. I also read Corneille and Moliere and Goethe and Schiller, but only for diversion. Philosophic studies are my especial occupation at present."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Willie, admiringly. "You're getting to be a regular blue-stocking, aren't you!"

"A what!" repeated the young woman's mother, grimly, as she arose to her feet.

"Why—a blue stocking—you know—that is."

"No explanations are necessary, Amelia. I am going to tell the servant to take in the clothes line at once. Hereafter neither of us will be at home to Mr. Wishington."—Washington Star.

Out of the Question.

The Swain—Could you be happy with a poor man, provided, of course, that you loved him?

The Damsel—What an absurd question! Why, I couldn't love a poor man! —N. Y. Journal.

Not What She Meant.

"So you have given up your music since you got married, Mrs. Mango?"

"Oh, yes; I seem to have forgotten all I ever knew about harmony."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A Discrepancy.—"Wadsleigh says he never makes mistakes." "Hm—m! That's one of 'em."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," exclaimed an old lady.—Columbus State Journal.

"You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?" "Yes; he always buys his birds in the market. Dead game is his specialty."—Washington Star.

After the Green Apple.—"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Tommy?" "I'm going to work till I get money enough to buy a candy store, an' then I won't do a thing."—St. Louis Republic.

Doting Mamma—"Rodney, dear, tomorrow is your birthday. What would you like best?" Rodney, dear (after a brief season of cogitation)—"I think I'd like to see the schoolhouse burn down."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

"Here, here!" cried the editor; "what do you mean by saying 'the prisoner laughed aloud for mercy?'" "That's exactly what he did," replied the reporter. "The judge had just made a silly joke at his expense."—London Answers.

"And who was the gentleman we had at dinner to-day?" inquired the cannibal king. "He was a minister, sire." "Indeed and indeed," ejaculated the potentate, smacking his lips; "he was most assuredly a prime minister."—Town Topics.

Wife—"That prestidigitator did some wonderful tricks." Husband—"Ah, and what was one of them?" Wife—"He asked if anyone had $20, and I had, and he said he would change them to $10. And he did, and here are the $10 to prove it."—Boston Courier.

EXPERT AT WEIGHT.

Ability to Guess by Ounces Is One of the Accomplishments of Most Butchers.

It is his business, of course, and he becomes expert at it, as a man might in any work, but the customer who pays any attention to it at all is sure to be interested, nevertheless, in the accuracy with which the butcher cuts off just the required amount of meat. Whether it is two pounds of steak, or four pounds of chops, or six pounds of corned beef, it's all the same to him. He cuts without long dwelling upon where to set the knives. He slices away sort of casual like and plies the saw, and lays the meat on the scales, and it does not vary more than a quarter or a half pound from the weight required, on even the heaviest piece, and on the lighter pieces he comes within an ounce or two, or hits it right on the nail.

A man, for instance, goes into a butcher shop and asks for three and a half or four pounds of, say, corn beef. The butcher gets a big piece out of the pickle, lays it on a block, and picks up a knife, and, without the slightest hesitation, with one strong, smooth sweep, cuts off a piece, which he lays on the scales. It weighs three pounds and three-quarters; it is in weight exactly midway between the limits set.

The expert butcher gets his ability to do this naturally enough, from good judgment to start with, backed up by long experience, but when he cuts things as close as this, even the customer familiar with his skill looks upon his as a wizard. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Barrel Organ in a Church.

To attend a church where the music is supplied by a barrel organ must be very like stepping into a bygone century, but it is an experience which the parishioners of Trottiscliff—a Kentish village within 25 miles of London—can every week enjoy. Its adherence to old customs must be pardoned, for a church was standing at the time of the Domesday book, and the existing chancel is more than 800 years old. Its pulpit is the one that stood in Westminster abbey until 1824. The musical capabilities of a barrel organ are limited, but the parishioners of Trottiscliff have a choice of 60, there being six barrels, each supplying ten tunes—most of them very old-fashioned.—Yorkshire Post.

Historic Tree for Valley Forge.

Some time ago the Centennial and Memorial association of Valley Forge addressed letters to the governors of the 13 original states asking each of them to furnish a tree from some historic spot to beautify the grounds. In response to the letter sent to him Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts has directed the transplanting to Valley Forge of a tree from a nursery within a short distance of Plymouth rock, grown on land surveyed a few years ago by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Harry D. Thoreau. —N. Y. World.

Statues of Christ in Italy.

Italian Catholics propose to celebrate the nineteenth century by erecting 19 colossal statues of Christ in conspicuous points of the peninsula. Among the places selected are Mount Soracte, the Gran Sasso d'Italia, and the toe, the heel and the instep of "the boot." The statues are to be of gilded cast iron.—N. Y. Sun.

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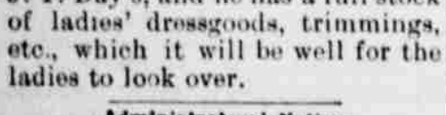


Home of Swamp-Root.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

(☞To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning)

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience.



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Administrators' Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late Samuel Moore, deceased, are hereby notified that they must present them to me for settlement on or before Saturday, the 27th day of January, 1900, at the office of 'Squire John D. Rose, on Lacy creek, Wolfe county, Ky., or they will be barred.

JACK MILLER,
Administrator.

Be sure and read our great offer of THE HERALD for a year and the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, all for the price of our paper alone. Just walk up to the captain's office and draw the greatest prize you ever drew.

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